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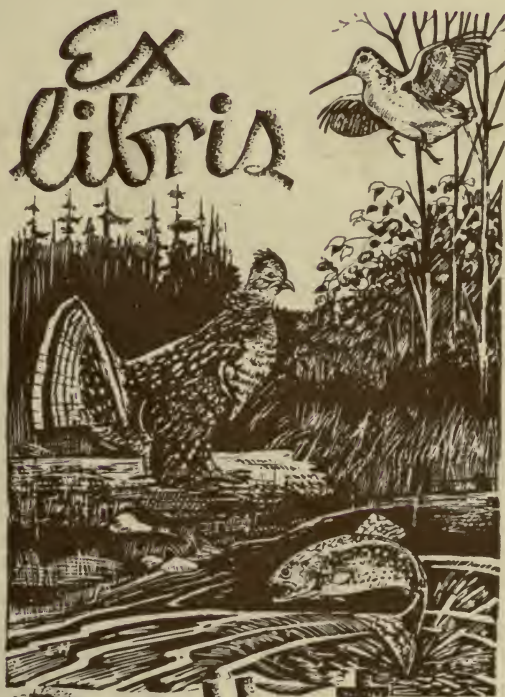
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Henry A. Sherwin.

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Chaplets

from

Coquet-fide;

by

Joseph Frankhall.



1873.

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To Thomas Westwood, Esq.,

The BIBLIOGRAPHER OF ANGLING LITERATURE,

THIS BOOKLET IS DEDICATED

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
B ALDUS & ZANKAR. A Legend of Holystone - - - - -	5
CORIDON'S SONG - - - - -	15
A LAY OF RIMSIDE - - - - -	17
DIVES, CRÆSUS & Co. (<i>Limited?</i>) - - - - -	19
The Hunt vs upp - - - - -	20
WORM-FISHING - - - - -	23
SOUR GRAPES - - - - -	26
THE CARRIER'S HORSE. A Coquet-side fragment - - - - -	28
YORICK - - - - -	33
PYRAMUS & THISBE. A lamentable and bloudie tragedie - - - - -	34
SIGHS AND GROANS - - - - -	42
THE CHOICE OF PARIS. <i>An Idyl</i> - - - - -	44
A CHRISTMAS CONCEIT - - - - -	61
BLANCHE - - - - -	64

	PAGE.
THE ANGLER'S TOAST	66
MATIN SONG	69
IN MEMORIAM. <i>Alfred Mabon</i>	71
COQUET-SIDE	72
AN ANGLER'S REVERIE	74
Of Fysshynge wyth an Angle (1496)	76
HAPPY FRIENDSHIP	79
THE CONQUEROR WORM	81





Baldus and Zankar ; a Legend of Holystone.

“**H**OLYSTONE, a desolate little hamlet among the hills, seven miles west of Rothbury. A path leads across a meadow from the village to a little grove of firs, enclosing “Our Lady’s Well,” a square basin of transparent emerald green water, with a copious spring. An old moss-grown statue of an ecclesiastic stands on the brink, and rising from the water is a tall cross, with the inscription:—“In this place Paulinus the Bishop baptized 3,000 Northumbrians, Easter, DCXXVII.” It is an interesting and striking spot, and well worthy of a visit. The little church stands on the site of a small convent for eight Benedictine nuns. The remains of a stone cross still exist upon the moors between this and Elsdon, which was a station of prayer for pilgrims coming to Holystone.”

Murray’s Handbook for Northumberland. 1864.

“**G**OD speed the good Paulinus in his holy work
of love,
God speed him and his convert flock—all blessings from above

6 A Legend of Holystone.

Light on this earnest, godly man, and on each neophyte
Now thoroughly regenerate—illumed by the true light.”
Thus pray’d two saintly Fathers who to Holystone had come,
One Baldus hight, Zankar his frere—‘*par nobile fratrum*;
Their mission heathen to convert, and heathens’ souls to save,
By conjuring heathen bodies in the Holy well to lave.
With fasts and vigils shriven, Saint Baldus was a hollow
man,

Pious and godly, wise and grave, in sooth a very *solemn* ‘un:
Zankar the like, though truth to tell, a bronzed and ruddy hue,
And ‘*en bon point*’ belied the fasts he’d vowed to have kept true;
No matter—Rumour’s blatant trump blows strange reports
about,

Zankar was still a godly man—*he hadn’t been found out*.

Full many a weary mile they’d trudged, and prodigal of heat
Old Sol his rays sent fiercely down—the Fathers rest to eat;
Their frugal meal of simplest fare demands but scanty words,
The fragments gathered with great care to feed the dicky birds.

A Legend of Holystone.

7

In holy conversation then, and meditation deep,
Some time they pass, till Baldus, worn and weary, drops
asleep ;

Zankar as well nods thoughtfully and slowly droops his eyes,
And in their turn they each become a banquet for the flies.

The elder Saint sleeps placidly—for Zankar there's no rest,
Whether his conscience or the flies, the holy man knew best ;
Still Baldus slept, most soundly slept—not so his wakeful frere,
And a most unholy, hideous stench pervades the atmosphere.

'Tis true no longer Baldus felt annoyance from the flies,
But a feeling much more horrible assail'd his nose and eyes ;
A pungent exhalation rose, apparent, from the ground,
And o'er his haggard cheeks the briny tears trickled down.

In horror woke the-saintly man and agonized cried out,
“Now sure the foul fiend walks the earth”—Zankar was near
found out !

But craftily and cunningly he hides the peccant clay,
Ejaculating inward—“ *What' ll Missus Grundy say?*”

“Now, by the rood, ” quoth Baldus, pale, “I’m sick unto the
death, [breath ;

The foul fiend’s stench pervades my limbs and takes away my

’Tis well I quaff’d the crystal spring and ate unto satiety,

For Beelzebub a flavour now confers on our society.” [voice,

Zankar, his conscience smiting him, then cried with trembling

“Don’t look at me, thou holy man, in such a tone of voice.”

Confused he was, full sore abash’d—unable long to speak,

“Concealment, like a worm i’ the bud, preyed on his *damask*
cheek.”

“Confess’d I stand before thee now a culprit ”—thus he spoke—

“To screen thy placid countenance from flies I raised a smoke.

“’Twas thus ”—and from his scrip he drew a tube of virgin clay

Fill’d to the brim with noisome weed, the flies to drive away.

“To it a spark of holy fire, unwitting, I applied, [died :

With suction kept the weed alight—the pests by thousands

Now nay! now nay! thou holy man, I did it for thy good,

And not one single insect’s left to drain thy dear heart’s blood.”

After much subtle argument and practick explanation,
The holy saint felt half convinced, and—tried an inhalation ;
Then Zankar, to complete the test, secured an errant fly,
And plainly proved "*when Doctors differ patients surely die.*"
"Now, for thy great discovery, good Zankar, rest forgiven,
For future ages' benefit thou of thy sins art shriven."
A noisome weed indeed it was, but, singular to say,
That many holy fathers since at flies have blazed away !
With fervent mind and pious thought (their bodies rested well),
Proceeded now the Fathers to Our Lady's Holy Well,
That em'rald well by fragrant firs protected on each side,
Within a lovely pleasaunce, by Paulinus sanctified ; [hill,
The heathen pilgrims come in streams adown the heath-clad
And joyously the twain commence their mission to fulfil,
From early morn to dusky eve, nigh knee-deep in the wave,
The sacred rites administer, Northumbers' souls to save :
The ceremony ended, after Vespers, all disperse,
And the Fathers, not improperly, on world's affairs converse.

The kindly fire now sparkles, and the frugal board is spread,
Roots, eleemosyn milk and corn, with herbs and driest
bread,

No honied mead, no humming ale, the pious Fathers bring,
But temperately quench their thirst at Saint Paulinus' spring:
And so to rest—hail! balmy sleep—but Baldus, rack't with
pain,

Lay restless on his leafy couch, to slumber tried in vain,
When, lo! a cough and sneeze betrayed the fiend on earth
once more, [hour?"]

Quoth Baldus, "whence proceeds that stench at this untimely
"You know, good Zankar, in the night no flies do buzz about,
The cool and chilly evening air puts all their tribes to rout;
Pray, tell the cause that I may sleep—I'm pained and ill at
ease,"

"*For information,*" quoth the frere, "I'm trying't on the *fleas!*"
Then Baldus was a wrathful man, and madly tore his hair,
That is, he would have torn it, but, alas—he'd none to tear.

A Legend of Holystone.

II

Upspringing from his rustic bed, and madly twinged with pain,
A horrid war dance danced—turned ill—and then lay down
again.

A baleful fever had set in—no skilful leech was nigh,
Zankar, with sorrowing look, regards the Father's glazing eye,
(No simples now avail his case, no roots or herbs of use),
He prompt puts back existence' clock to the time *when he was*
loose;

Diving again into his scrip, which stands him in good stead,
A curious vessel he drew forth, most cunning shaped in lead,
The top was fastened with a screw, and at the foot a cup,
The latter with its contents fill'd—Saint Baldus drank *it* up.
Then mark the change, the wholesome change, upon the
dying man,

His eyes 'gan twinkle, and his tongue most eloquently ran—
“By thrones and dominations—by all the powers above—
By Jove, and all the heathen gods—by a good Christian's
love,

Repeat the dose, skilled Zankar—Oh! fill the cup again,
 That potent potion's soothing taste alleviates my pain—
 Has Galen, or Hippocrates, left the foul Stygian shore?
 Oh! shade of Æsculapius—fill, fill the cup once more.
 It courses through my languid blood, I feel't in every vein,"
 And, maudlin, he held out his hand—"Oh! fill the cup again!
 Fill, fill the cup—I'll drink it up, e'en though it be my death."
 The Father took another *pull*, and gasp'd for want of breath;
 A rambling, ghastly pun he made, in *spirit* sore subdued,
 "*Zhankar! the vesshel ish a screw—I've drank it, and I'm*
screwed;" [devotion,
 Awhile he slept, woke quite refresh'd—spent some time in
 But no man to this day has learnt the compound of that potion.

[Here the manuscript has, unfortunately, suffered from *damp*, and is illegible.]

oyous laugh

quebaugh

A Legend of Holystone.

13

. *Baldus* *moke* *returns*
. . . *nkar* . *inartic'late* . *irdseye* . *burns*
.

NO holy vigils kept that night—they burnt no midnight oil,

But Zankar and Saint Baldus slumbered—à la belle étoile.

The Awakening and the Doom.

WITH half-averted bleary-eyed look, the Fathers sad
awoke.

Repentant of their revelry, but neither a word spoke,
When Saint Paulinus suddenly appeared in wrathful mood,
And thus addressed the peccant, yet half conscious, brother-
hood :—

“ I will not aggravate your sins by recapitulation,
But much too light a punishment is excommunication,

Hear then your doom—first, Zankar list ! as the most erring
man,

That warily the unsuspecting Baldus did trepan—

Thy vigils as a statue keep on brink of Holy well

Till penitent thou hear'st the sound of convent's passing bell ;

Baldus for aye a troubled shade shall roam the country wide,

And a record keep of all events that hap on Coquet-side."

Certes, no rest that shadow gets, pass'd daily through the
post,

And still a moss-grown statue marks the place of Zankar's
Ghost.





Coridon's Song.

“Come live with me.”



OME, MAUDLIN, leave thy sand-red cow,

With garlands wreathed I'll decke thy brow :

Through flowery meadowes let us rove,

Whilst I outpoure my tale of love.

All nature's gaye, the wanton lambs

Crave comfort from their bleating dams :

Then wende with me—caste care away,

'Tis love and nature's holy-day.

The twittering swallows round us flie,

The groves resounde with melodie :

The little birds now jocunde sing,

And chearful welcome bid to Spring.

Coridon's Song.

The Cuckoo wakes his tunefull note,
Shrill anthems ring from laverock's throate :
What musicke, Lorde 's heard in THY sphere
When mortals such sweete descants heare ?

Fair-cruel maid—scorned love is deathe,
My trembling fate hangs on thy breath :
My plainte regard with favouring eye—
With thee I'd live—with thee I'd die.

The rose in dudgeon vainly seeks
To vie the hue upon thy cheekes ;
Ande jealous lillies blushing glowe
To emulate thy breaste of snow.

My pride of life—mine hearte's desire,
Return this ardent bosom's fire :
If aught on earthe thy hearte can move,
“ Come live with me, and be my love.”



A Lay of Rimside.

“**M**AN, Jock! the heather crop is grand the year,



But eh! provisions is uncommon dear.”

(Thus Rimside Rab to Heather Jock held forth,

Twa muirland besom makers i' the North).

“What gars ye undersell, and spoil the trade?

A besom at a penny ne'er was made,

We baith ha'e to provide for wives and weans,

An' 'tween us twae we ha'e them i' the teens,

'Deed was't na for the lifts we've noo an' then,

Sec as some chancie geusse or chuckie hen,

Aw canna for the verra' world conceive

How honest families contrive to live;

Sell at a penny! man, it's just a sin,
The stuff coosts mair afore it's gethered in.
Thir's no the guid auld times that we ha'e seen,
The competition 's noo that awfu' keen,
There's no an honest living to be made
In besoms, pans, or ony ither trade;
Aw steal my heather, steal my shanks an' bands,
But fairly work them wi' industrious hands,
And yet nae profit at three-ha'pence earn,
How ye sell at a penny, aw've to learn."
"Daft gowk" quo' Jock, "wark's nae pairt o' my trade,
Aw never fash't—aw steal mine *ready-made*."





Dives, Cræsus & Co. (*Limited ?*)

“Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided.”—LUKE xii., 20.



HAT though in life so keen and hard of heart—

All pleasures *here*, save love of dross, he'd stint—

DIVES—now dead—his gold and he must part ;

The shroud's a garment with no pocket in't.

What now avails this great parade of woe ? [white,

Cloaks, hat-bands, hatchments, plumes, and kerchers

This hollow pomp of *rich*, funereal show,

Those hireling mourners, seemingly contrite.

Who, in his heart, for DIVES truly grieves ?

The mainest question oft—how goes the pelf ?

His scatter'd god adored—in't each believes,

But each, expectant, 's quite absorb'd in self.

For *this* he's eager moil'd from very birth ;

He cumbers now six feet of *better* earth.



The Hunt ys upp.



Sayth Salamons songe/ fayre aege and longe
 Is mayde by a spyryte goode/
 And syth it is soo/ to your dysportes goo
 By streme or merrie greene wood.

The Huntys horne wakes uppe the morne/
 And hawk bells sounde on hys/
 The fowlere hath sped from hys sorrye bed;
 Dooth the laggard fyssherye lye?

To myn entent/ the Hontyre hys bente/
Entayleth too moche labore :
Wete shode and myred/ clothes torne/ and tyred/
Lypyes blystered/ swetyngge sore.

Then Hawkyngge too/ noyouse alsoo/
And ofte ryghte euyl a thurste :
Sette Rye or Cray/ or flye awaye/
Thoghe he whystel til he burste.

Wnn Wynter colde the Foulere holde
Settyth hys gynne and snare/
The morne-tyde dewe dooth wete hym throo/
And sorpyly dooth he fayre.

Moore cowde he sayd/ but holsome drede
Of magre makith me leue :
Nedes be the beste sorte of alle dysporte
Is fysshhe wyth an hoke to deceiue.

For at moost maye be broke a lyne or an hoke/
 Home mayde he hathe plentee more/
 Soe the fyssherye hys losse is not greuous
 Gyf of trougthes he hath good store.

And mery at ease on eche syde he sees
 Melodypous fowles of the ayre/
 While spontaneous he/ affectuously/
 Sayth hys custumable prayer.

SPRUCE—The Hunt ys upp/ the Hunt ys upp/
 For coney or byrde on the tree/
 Alle the foure dysportes are goode of theyr sortes
 But/ Angle fysshynge forre me.





Worm-fishing.



HE FLEE 'S BEEN SUNG IN MONY A STRAIN,

The mennum owre an' owre again

Has been the poet's theme :

Gentles, and pastes, and viler roe

Ha'e had their praises sung enow

In drumlie verse and stream.

But let us sing *the worm* in June,

Auld Coquet crystal clear,

All leafy Nature's now in tune,

Now doth true skill appear.

Sae moyly an' coyly

Steal on the gleg-e'ed trout,

He sees ye, an' flees ye—

Gif no—ye'll pick him out.

Worm-fishing.

JUST AS THE EARLY, TUNEFUL LARK,
Dame Nature's vocal chapel-clerk,
Carols his hymn of praise,
Just as the dews frae flowers distil,
And air recovers frae night's chill,
Thro' Phœbus' slantin' rays :
Wi' weel-graithed gear up stream then hie,
Unerring cast the lure,
The barely covered *spankers* lie
Unwatchfully secure.
Then lunging' an' plungin',
You feel the finny prize,
Now gantin' an' pantin'
Stretched on his side he dies.

STRAIGHT AS A SAPLING FIR YOUR WAND,
Mid-teens o' feet, and light to hand,
With hook of ample size,
Inserted just below the head
Of worm, well scoured and purplish red,
Like arrow sourceward flies.

Swift with the current see it wear,
Then trembling, mid-stream stay,
That instant, strike—my life, *he's there*,
At leisure creelward play.
Then stay there, an' play there,
Enjoy thy latest cast,
For the worm aye in turn aye
Will conquer a' at last.





Sour Grapes.



UTHLESS Time with his furrowing tread,

(Oh! that we mortals could bid him stay:)

So chills the blood and undecks the head,

That unsaucy young minxes e'en say us nay.

Phillida flouts me—what care I?

Shepherds still pipe and tabor play,

I'll list to the sound of your minstrelsy,

And dance like Old Sol upon Easter-day.

See Daphne pout, and Celia scorn,

Now that my locks have turned silver grey,

Think ye, ye jades, my hope's quite forlorn—

Alack—'t wasn't thus in my youth's hey-day.

O'er meadows of king-cups and culverkeys

Trip it the live-long Summer's day,

I'll comfort my heart with mine own heart's ease

And think upon times that have passed away.

See my fair Chloris—(she's two score and ten)—

Comes brushing the dew-drops on her way ;

Maturest of maids mate with staidest of men—

Out ! ye young varlets—away—away !





The Carrier's Horse : a Coquet-side fragment.

MALES was a Carrier—what, and where he carried matters little—but Smales, being a Carrier, had a cart, and, necessarily a horse. In these telegraphic and railway pervading days, if Smales was not, he ought to have been—at all events his horse, being sore stricken in years, was—*hors d'emploi*; therefore, it was not thought expedient that he should longer cumber the earth, and consume its products. But “the veteran lagg’d superfluous on the stage,” and, as he wouldn’t voluntarily be gathered to his fathers, it was determined that he should be thither dispatched—as the cookery-books have it—“another way.”

Near to Smales’s domicile, in the pleasant and picturesque village of Horsebury, lived Wattie Parker, the most notable

fisher in the district, moreover, a keen and capital hand with the gun ; he united the professions of village barber, amateur gamekeeper, rod and tackle maker, and purveyor of flies for such of His Majesty's lieges as were ambitious of wiling the finny denizens from the pleasant and prolific waters which skirted the village. Next to the Carrier's very roof-tree lived old Bella Kreel, with her nephew Jimmy—a lish, keen-eyed lad of some sixteen summers—strongly imbued with the Gipsy element—nervous in speech to a degree amounting to impediment when excited, and as fond of kindred sports as Wat himself. One fine morning the latter sallied out, gun in hand, in quest of small birds to furnish feathers for fly-dressing, Smales having previously requested him to give the old horse his *quietus* in the shape of a friendly bullet, and just as they had parted, Jimmy appeared on the scene, when the following conversation ensued :—

“ Wh—wh—whaur ye gaun, W—Wattie, lad ? ”

“ Ou, just to shut a few sma' birds for flees.”

“ Wi—wi—will ye let's gang wi' ye, lad ? ”

“ Ou aye.”

“ H—h—hould on, then, till aw get my gun.”

All passed pleasantly for some time, and after Wat had bagged the required quantity of *game*, the pair approached the field where old Dobbin was standing, utterly unconscious of his impending doom, Wat having already, unknown to Jimmy, provided himself with the pre-arranged bullet. Under the plea of *game* having been scared and scarce for the last half-hour or so, quoth Wat, in a *nonchalant* manner—

“Man, aw wadn’t care a ha’penny to shut that horse.”

“Sh—sh—shut the horse, Wattie! sh—sh—shut the horse! lad! Maw sang, b—b—but but we we we’d a’ be transported, we we we’d ha’e to fl—fl—flee the country, lad! f—f—f—flee the country!”

“Hout, man,” cried Wat, “naebody ’ll ken—here’s at im,”—and sure enough poor Dobbin succumbed to the fatal bullet.

The effect on Jimmy was immediate and indescribable. Consternation seized him—throwing down his gun, as lighting he cleared a five-quarter wall—fled like the hot trod, scouring hedges, wall, and ditches as one possessed—leaving the herd of swine nowhere, and never rested till breathlessly bursting open the door he rushed past Bella, and covered himself with the bed clothes. Procrustes’ bed to him ’d been

bed of down—the Trojan horse, or Phæton's nags as flea-bites — 't was a calamity—a disaster—and nothing short of transportation or the extreme penalty of the law presented themselves to Jimmy's perturbed imagination.

Wattie wending carelessly home, joined the party, and informed the Carrier (*sotto voce*) his mission had been fulfilled, representing at the same time Jimmy's dire consternation.

"God bliss us," quoth Bella, "what's oor Jimmy been deein? He's dune something no canny!"

"Eh, Bella," rejoined Smales, "aw no ken, but *somebody's* gaen an' shutten maw horse!"

"God bliss the lad! shutten Smales's horse! Wor Jimmy shut a horse!"

The Carrier, stick in hand, gave three tremendous raps at Bella's door, asking, in an audible voice, "Is Jimmy in?" A smothered and agonized whine from beneath the bed clothes, feebly ejaculated, "N—n—n—no, aw's not in; p—p—p—please Sor, it w—w—wasn't me did it!" thinking that myrmidon of the law, the village constable, was already on his track.

It has been recorded on high authority that an hundred grey rabbits can not make one black horse, and Smales's

was a black 'un. This *saw* Jimmy painfully realized ; indeed, if such condition could have averted the dilemma, it is certain he would have found little difficulty in procuring the rabbits.

After some time, explanations followed ; the mystery was cleared up, and a heavy load removed from the sufferer's breast, but even now he looks askance, and feels uneasy when any reference is made to "THE CARRIER'S HORSE."





Great store of impudence—oft *small* of wit,
In every age and clime this cap will fit.



REAT son of Momus, hail ! jingle thy cap and bell,
Vive le farçeur—et, vive la bagatelle—
Yorick in thee still lives—(Yorick of yore
Who's wont 's to "set the table on a roar :")
E'en cynics smile—thou melts the misanthrope,
Thou *screaming farce* ; thou *live* kaleidōscope.
As in the grove the mock-bird's mimic note
Pleases at first—but, parrot-like by rote,
Grows stale apace, so thine i' the busy town
Soon palls—thou'st no note of thine own :
At thy own ribald jests thou grins and brays,
Winks, tongue protrudes, and gasping, fugles praise.
To thee on *foolscap* I indite this sonnet,
Go, change *thy fool's cap* for some other bonnet.



Pyramus and Thisbe : a lamentable and bloudie Tragedie.

“**T**HISBE, a beautiful Babylonian maiden, beloved by Pyramus. The lovers, living in adjoining houses, often secretly conversed with each other through an opening in the wall, as their parents would not sanction their marriage. Once they agreed upon a rendezvous at the tomb of Ninus. Thisbe arrived first, and while she was waiting for Pyramus, she perceived a lioness which had just torn to pieces an ox, and took to flight. While running she lost her garment, which the lioness soiled with blood. In the meantime Pyramus arrived, and finding her garment covered with blood, he imagined that she had been murdered, and made away with himself under a mulberry tree, the fruit of which henceforth was as red as blood. Thisbe, who afterwards found the body of her lover, likewise killed herself.”

Smith's Classical Dictionary.



CHRONOLOGY differs oft in degree,

Be 't Greek, Turk, Hindoo, or Ashantee,

Mosaic, Mahometan, starkest Fijii,

Homeric, Chaldaean, or Heathen Chinee,

But there's one thing we're all agreed on.

In remotest times when the world was young,

When the very first rib from old Adam's side sprung,

In fact in all ages when poet's have sung,

Love increases by what it does feed on ;

With the sole exception, perhaps, of that swain

Who loved his young wife with such horrible main

That, the chronicles say, he could hardly refrain

On his honey-moon trip from eating her—

But e'er twelve months—not of honey-moon kind—

Had passed o'er their heads, he had changed his mind,

For Eros, we know, is uncommonly blind,

And—(she mightn't digest)—took to beating her.

Then fervently wished, ere in wedlock bound fast,

He had bolted his spouse at his wedding repast.

But this is all fringe—to our tale—then know

What happened two lovers long ages ago,

Aye—

Years ago, long years ago

Dwelt in the city of Babylon,

A fair brown maid with a beaming eye—

With *two* in fact—common destiny,

And a nose between of that *Tapir* form

To this day by God's chosen people worn :

Thisbe the name of this lovely "*cuss*,"

And the very next door lived one Pyramus.

Now we know what oft haps when a strapping young blade

Lays siege to the heart of an amorous maid,

Ignoring the proverb of "two of a trade"

Their thoughts only ran on union,

And though they both lived in precocious clime,

Like Cæsar's old wife of a much later time,

They were both far beyond suspicion.

Yet love will creep in, and love will peep out,

And soon turn young lovers' hearts quite inside out,

Howe'er *he* may languish—howe'er *she* may pout,

In spite of all parents opposing,
So without further fuss,
All was sealed with a buss,
And the lusty, and loving, and loved Pyramus

Was accepted at once on proposing.
Now, their parents suspecting something was astir,
Made each of the lovers a close prisoner
In his and her chamber, the match to defer

As they both were too young—under twenty :
But, though love is a compound of vows, sighs, and swoons,
Turning old fools to bigger ones—young ones to spoons,
Singing sad serenades to the softest of tunes,

Collusive devices 't has plenty.
When the old folks went out for a ride or a stroll,
P went hammer and tongs at it, making a hole
Through the wall that excluded his idol of soul
From his earnest and amorous glances.

Then they billed and cooed snugly from morning till night,
And arranged pleasant interviews—oft by moonlight,

Defying parental authority quite—

Pleasure stolen, it's value enhances.



YEARS ago, longer years ago

Than any we've hitherto touched upon

Semiramis builded at Babylon

A tomb for her good man Ninus.

It was at this tomb on a Summery night

These lovers had vowed their joint troths to plight,

And freely indulge in "love's purple light,"

With a feeling their parents were—*minus*.

The time had been fixed (just a quarter past nine),

For mutual enfolding at Ninus's shrine,

Each to swear—"I'll be yours, if you will be mine :"

She was there, but found Pyramus—absent :

Now, whether he thought himself too superfine

To keep an appointment, or, whether with wine

He'd been overtaken, one can't now divine,

If the latter—she'd surely a cab sent.

Suffice it to say, Thisbe waited alone,
And was startled on hearing an agonized moan,
So whence it proceeded forthwith must be shown,
Then listen :—

Cruising along a young heifer had strayed,
A real, *live* heifer—(I don't mean the maid—
Though it may be with strictest propriety said,
 Maids by night shouldn't stroll out alone.)

A lioness also was out on the prowl,
Having breakfasted early she felt herself "*howl*,"
So sprang on the heifer with resonant growl
 And eat her up body and bone.

Scared Thisbe then fled in such terrible fright,
(Wan and pallid her face as the palest moonlight)
That her raven locks, standing already upright
'Gan to turn, and turned on, until perfectly white,
Such things have been known to occur in one night,
 But this happen'd the time it takes telling.

The beast then pursued her—away went her shawl,

Away went her *pannier*, her tunic, and all,
Her *padding*—her *chignon*—and God knows what all,
Though she got safely off with her chief corporal,
 Clotho'd not yet decreed what her fate is.

Then straight her pursuer began to address
Attention t' above scheduled items of dress,
Seized, and made every one in the bloodiest mess,
Till the *chignon* espying—in poignant distress

 A header she took in Euphrates.

At length to the trysting place Pyramus came,
Conning over apologies—excuses lame,
And racking his brains to bamboozle his flame

 As Jael of old cozened Sisera ;

But finding her garments beclotted with blood,
It flashed through his mind that in all likelihood
Some one'd slaughtered the maiden he'd tenderly wooed,
And his longing to join her could not be withstood,
So at once he *made tracks* for a neighbouring wood,
Searched, and found out a mulberry—(tree understood)

Pyramus and Thisbe.

41

The fruit of which, since, has been colour of blood,

And under it let out his viscera.

Now, feeling she'd suffered a most grievous wrong,

In agony Thisbe came wailing along,

For, like to "*Jack Robinson*"—(popular song),

Dead at all, d'ye see, she'd ne'er been.

When, spying her lover's cold corpse on the ground

With a sword run right through, sticking out of the wound,

One—two—three—she jumped on with a vigorous bound,

And thus ended the tragical scene.





¶ Sighs and Groans.

Lector—What lacke we ?

Lacke we not the greate God's grace
All evil doing to displace
And purge our wicked, erring race ?
We lacke.

Heare what we lacke !

We lacke true faithe in all His waies,
Lacke well spent nights and praireful daies,
To avoid deceite and false displays,
We lacke.

Hea ! we doe lacke,

A pious, truthful, righteous heart,
All vicious thoughts from us t' departe,
God's grace all evil deedes to thwart,
We lacke.

Ande these we lacke :

Long daies of piety and nights of prayer,

Preparing for that daie so fayre,

When we caste off this world's care,

We lacke.





The Choice of Paris.

“**P**ARIS was the second son of Priam and Hecuba. Before his birth Hecuba dreamed that she had brought forth a fire-brand, the flames of which spread over the whole city. Accordingly, as soon as the child was born, he was given to a shepherd, who was to expose him on Mount Ida. After the lapse of five days, the shepherd, on returning to Mount Ida, found the child still alive, and fed by a she-bear; thereupon he carried the boy home and brought him up with his own child, and called him Paris. When Paris had grown up, he distinguished himself as a valiant defender of the flocks and shepherds. . . . Once upon a time, when Peleus and Thetis solemnized their nuptials, all the gods were invited to the marriage, with the exception of Eris, or Strife. Enraged at her exclusion, the goddess threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription, “TO THE FAIREST.” Thereupon Juno, Venus and Minerva each claimed the apple for herself. Jupiter ordered Mercury to take the goddesses to Mount Gargarus, a portion of Ida, to the beautiful shepherd Paris, who was there tending his flocks, and who was to decide the dispute. The goddesses accordingly appeared before him. Juno promised him the sovereignty of Asia and great riches, Minerva great glory and renown in war, and Venus the fairest of women for his wife. Paris decided in favour of Venus, and gave her the golden apple. This judgment called forth in Juno and Minerva fierce hatred against Troy. Under the protection of Venus, Paris now sailed to Greece.”

Smith's Classical Dictionary.

PROLOGUE.



WHEN these events occurred, King Priam's son,

The valiant Hector, 'd reached the age of—one!

A lone young Trojan—Hecuba, his mother,
 Invoked Lucina for a little brother ;
 Such invocations seldom are in vain,
 And in due time the little beggar came.
 (Mind, brats in verse are difficult to bear,
 But, now we've got him—let's trace his career :)
 That he would be a fire-brand and a Tartar
 His mother 'd dreamt—then fain he'd been a daughter,
 For, in her clairvoyance, she saw the boy
 A conflagration raise that burnt all Troy.
 To Priam Hecuba had told her dream,
 And they, conjointly, hatch a wicked scheme
 To rid the world of this incendiary mite,
 And—will-I, nill-I—put him out of sight.
 Well may be asked—"What's Hecuba to him,
 Or he to Hecuba?"—poor little limb!
 Well might young hopeful stare—so early done for—
 And wonder what on earth he'd been begun for.

Stern Priam exercised his royal sway,
And the doomed child was ruthless torn away
To meet his fate—when Hecuba, o'ercome,
Suggested present banishment from home
To some lone place where him they'd ne'er set eyes on,
A kindlier fate than drowning, sword, or poison.
“Come, Hecuba, my Queen, your feelings stifle,
(Seldom in those days kings stuck at a trifle ;)
Since putting down the brat gives so much pain,
We'll put him out to some kind shepherd swain,
Some rustic Damon who'll no doubt receive him,
With hints substantial that we mean to leave him.”
Such rustic—Dæmon call him—soon appeared,
And with the youngster quickly disappeared—
Away from Troy straight with his charge he hied,
Secured a doubtful “Patmos” on Mount Ide—
There left to cruel fate—nay, chill undoing,
But for a nice mild bear—a nappy bruin,

Most fitting beast to bear the name of Beauty,
 For kindly she discharged a mother's duty,
 Washed, fed and dressed him—ah ! but where's the robing ?
 Leaves from some old edition of " Cock Robin !"

.

THE shepherd, sheepish, went his weekly round—
 And, lo ! the brat alive and kicking found ;
 With dire amazement was well nigh struck dumb :
 The boy goo-googled, grinned, and sucked his thumb ;
 Clod's cruel heart relents—he takes him home,
 And from this time adopts him as his own—
 Gave him the name of Paris, so that none
 Could ever know he'd farmed King Priam's son.

.

DECK'T with straw hat, gay ribbons, crook, pipe from old
 Pan,
 He'd the peacock stage reached of each dressy young man,

A stage we all pass through in life's short career,
 When we're not apt to think ourselves "very small beer."
 Thus he tended his flocks—studied hard in Bucolics,
 Led a pastoral life quite away from Town's frolics—
 (Such existence immaculate only *rus* yields
 In cowslippery, lush, buttercuppery fields :)
 Tootled on his oat-pipe with such exquisite strain
 That we'll let him toot on till we want him again.

.

PLAY.



HIGH jinks on Olympus—a grand gala day—

All the gods there assembled in brilliant array ;
 The primary cause of this great nuptial meet is,
 The wedding of Peleus with lovely Miss Thetis—
 Such flaunting of ribbons—saltatory paces,
 White grenades, orange blossoms, and Honiton laces,

Such flirting, and blushing, and treading on skirts,
By gods wearing sandals and very short shirts ;
So much jigging and junketing—nectar—ambrosia—
That the happy pair (tired) 'gan to wish they were cozier ;
Apollo twang'd string'ly his tortoise shell lyre,
While Pan on his syrinx blew higher and higher,
The Muses as well formed a sweet choral crew
And in soft diapasons mild Zephyrus blew ;
The blushing bride's trousers—beg pardon—*trousseau*
Caused with jealousy scanty dress'd damsels t' o'erflow,
And a feeble attempt 's made herein to compress
A list of the presents prepared for " the press ":—
" Christian Years," and Church Services, blankets, and fans,
Lace flounces, *mouchoir* cases, brass warming pans,
Sachets and salt-cellars, rings, locketts in swarms,
And a feather quilt cosey to keep the pair warm ;
Corals with silver bells, salvers, ormolu clocks,
£30, and a bundle of wee babbies' smocks,

Fine rococo ornaments—knit muffatees,
 Glove stretchers, gridirons, an ominous cheese,
 A gilt aneroid, and some splendid lace shifts,
 With a great many more, were, as usual, gifts.

.



HOST of old shoes was all ready to throw,

When the festive proceedings received a sad blow
 By the sudden descent of a turbulent wife,
 Who sent in her card—"Madame Eris, *née* Strife,"
 And demanded immediate and clear explanation
 Why she'd been excluded—had no invitation :—
 "Vile upstarts—I'll teach you my presence to slight—
 I'm of very old family—Daughter of Night,
 Naught akin to your Jenkinses and *nouveaux riches*,
 Who'd fain try 'Society' manners to teach—
 If I join not your revels then woe you betide."
 The gods stood dumfounded, but no one replied

She this tacit hint took, but, before she withdrew,
 An apple of gold in the midst of them threw—
 The “Apple of Discord”—of fruits hap’ly rarest,
 On the rind in bold letters inscribed “TO THE FAIREST.”
 To the front quick a bevy of goddesses rushed,
 Soon their back hair all down and their crinolines crushed,
 On Olympus such scrambles had never been seen
 ’Twixt Venus, Minerva, and Heaven’s great Queen,
 When Jupiter thundered in terrible huff,
 “Pray give me the apple—enough, girls, enough—
 D’ye think it’s respectable this *crowdie-main*?
 Juno—Venus—Minerva—I pray you refrain,
 Give at once up the apple—let me have it from ye,
 A racket like this is fair *Hades* an’ *Tommy*!
 You’ll bring great discredit upon my domain,
 Give it up at once, Juno—you old harridan;
 It’s really too bad that all miseries human
 Should arise from a mixture of apple and woman,

For it isn't so long since, you very well know,
 Through this very same fruit Adam had such a row—
 To be sure in his case there was no competition,
 Whilst in ours there's no chance of an equal partition,
 So I'll send you with Mercury all to Gargarus
 To be bound by the final decision of Paris."
 The ladies were pacified—each one agreed
 That before the young shepherd her own cause would plead.

.

GON a pleasant green slope, overshadowed by trees,
 The three anxious goddesses wait their decrees ;
 The shepherd sat stolid—majestically frowned,
 And, as high priest oracular looked quite profound.

.

GREAT Juno then, first by prerogative spoke,
 And in sweet, silvered accents did Paris invoke—

"Tho' I'm fat, fair and forty—great Jupiter's wife—
 'Tis admitted I ne'er looked so well in my life,
 And, I think, gentle shepherd, you'll also agree
 That the eyes of all nations are centred on me.
 I have fabulous riches—broad acres of land
 All in my own right at my ready command ;
 I can make or unmake—create Kaiser or King,
 And to those who show kindness I steadily cling—
 Think this no intimation that I'll befriend *you*,
 Tho' I now have on hand a spare kingdom or two,
 With armies and armaments—rich mines galore,
 Coin, jewellery, plate, and I know not what more ;
 Just a hint, that Town Councillors I make at will,
 And, by stretching a point, can the civic chair fill.
 Then think, gentle Paris, before you decree,
 What *might* hap if the apple should roll towards me."

.

SILL stolid and Sphinx-like did Paris appear,
And tacitly hinted Athena he'd hear.

.

AL F smiling, half stern, to bewilder the swain,
Minerva commenced her harangue in this strain :—

“ No bribe avails me as with truculent men,
Be't *baksheesh*, *tip*, *trink-gelt*, *pour-boire*, *pot de vin*,
Leave we such for M.P.'s, and for those who seek places,
Hope for glory in war, great renown, mental graces ;
Yet no harm can arise from a quiet display
Of a few little things I might throw in thy way :
Thus—a £30 charger thou stately might straddle,
With plated goods dangling each side o' the saddle—
Might sleep in thy uniform—always wear spurs,
(To salvation in plain clothes the soldier demurs),
Have a shiny steel scabbard, and real drawn sword,
Nay, e'en serve in same corps with a real live Lord,

Exceeding in all respects each 'tinsel Don'
 Of our phalanx of Marses nineteen to the ton ;
 And should e'er thy great mind seek relief from the wars
 In an undress might lounge, smoke toothpicks and cigars,
 Then last, tho' not least—be't with bated breath said—
 Thou might start a small flunkey with '*such a cockade*,'
 And in all respects look like a true son of Mars,
 With the option of leaving in case of real wars.
 If as eager with these as with foes thou would'st grapple,
 I pr'ythee, sweet Paris, award me the apple."

.

THE pleased shepherd smiled with ineffable grace,
 But none yet a clue to his judgment could trace.

.

THE Goddess of Love next came tripping along [on ;"
 Like Breitmann's famed maiden "vot's got nodings

Then, how Juno did frown—chaste Minerva looked glum,
While Paris he twiddled his finger and thumb,
Abstracted gazed skyward—then on the horizon,
Unobserved, peeped askance where he'd fain rest his eyes on,
Conscience stricken with qualms that he'd ever presided,
As he felt that the case was already decided.

“Aroint—shameless hussy,” quoth Juno, enraged—

“Is this a fair war, so immodestly waged ?

Away from our presence—thy tunic quick don—

The court is adjourned and awaits thee anon.”

Appalled by the goddess, then Venus retired,

Eftsoons reappearing—yet slightly attired ;

For addition above there was still ample room,

And her garment below left off terribly soon.

Then the charming young shepherd she wantonly eyed,

And thus spoke—in theatrical parlance—aside :—

“Why should old frumps like these to my dress take exception,

I'm bound they're both made up, a mass of deception ;

Moreover, how can you judge any one's points
 With their pepli and tunics enshrouding their joints ?
 Let's have every thing real, do nothing by halves,
 You might make a pin-cushion of Juno's fat calves ;
 And as for Minerva's great helmet—'tis said
 She just wears it to cover a very bald head ;
 They're all padding—false bosoms, false hips, and false—well,
 What else they have false I'd much rather not tell ;
 Fictions founded on fact or my senses belie,
 Now *I'm* all over fact—just you nip me and try.”

(THIS SETTLED THE SHEPHERD.)—Then Venus aloud,
 With a triumphant air looking round on the crowd :—
 “ No bribe do I offer—give Nature her bent,
 Then choose thee a wife to thy heart's own content,
 Thy life, Spring eternal last all the year round,
 And no thorn in thy path save from love's pleasant wound ;
 Thine no lot as on earth where youth, beauty, are sold
 To some old shoddy Cræsus all stinking of gold,

Her heart a mere purse—she a blind devotee
 To that great triune idol—that god £. s. d.
 No—I swear by my chastity—by the Lord Harry—
 Thou of women the fairest created shalt marry,
 And with every good gift shall thy bride be endowed,
 So, rely on me, Paris—I’ve already vowed.”

.

THE shepherd still smiled when he heard her begin ;
 While she spoke it relaxed to a visible grin—

Her oration complete—yet another sweet smile ;
 Joint permission received to consider a while ;
 Then a very short season the session adjourned,
 Whilst his final decision each eagerly yearned.

.

THE court réassembled—with simpering gaze
 All three to the shepherd expectant eyes raise—
 The Queen ’d fain address him, a feeler to try,
 But the others soon crippled her “*ballon d’essai*.”

"Do not touch Fortune's rudder—no secrets reveal,
 'Tis forbidden to speak to the 'Man at the Wheel.'"
 A decorous silence the guests then displayed,
 Quoth Paris :—"Your merits I've carefully weighed—
 But I do feel so nervous—great Jove come between us—
 My life's in your hands—and—the apple's for Venus."

.



LIKE evil yeast working in contracted brain,
 Then Minerva and Juno ferment with disdain—
 Jocund Strife hovered nigh with a pestilent yell,
 Which tripled-tongued Cerberus echoed from hell.
 Paralyzed was the earth, and incontinent hills
 Quaked with fear and ran down in impetuous rills,
 Which, as rivers rushed on sweeping all in their courses
 Till terrified, turned and ran back to their sources.
 The heavens were darkened—the world stood still—
 Trees withered—rocks burrowed o'er head in each hill—

Yells of fury arose in a horrible clamour
And o'er the earth's surface shed chaotic glamour.
The wise bird of Pallas shriek'd one death hoo! hoo!
And away to the caves of Mount Gargarus flew,
Whilst Juno's gay peacock collapsed his starr'd tail,
And the mountain air rent with a hideous wail.
Unsafe on Mount Ida, and yearning for peace,
The Goddess of Love embarked forthwith for Greece,
Soft and prosperous gales gaily wafted her thither,
And the Histories say that she took Paris with her.
For the rest of the deeds of this "broth of a boy,"
See your Lexicons—articles "PARIS" and "TROY."





A Christmas Conceit.



I T glads my heart this festive time to see
My darling children from their tasks set free ;
Scholastic duties shelved, while Yule-tide's glow
Reflects bright holly and chaste mistletoe.
Avaunt ! then, grammars—farewell Latin—Greek—
(Tongues dead enough at least for many a week :)
All hail ! King Christmas with thy fun and frolic,
The very thought of school is melancholic ;
Yet, just one little game this gay vacation
To test the progress of your education,

So each take pencil, letter-back, or slate,

And write correctly what I now dictate :—

“ PEDLAR'S pony once had gone astray,
His colour white with haunches dapple-gray,
Unparalleled in symmetry and grace,
Agreeable to ride at any pace ;
In fact, a beast one 'd buy without a warranty,
Or put full faith in any dealer's guarantee.
His master, sore embarrassed, searched in vain,
Gauging with eye intent each hill and plain,
Joyous, at length the harassed wight espied him
In a potato field—a man astride him ;
A thievish cobbler of ignoble mien,
With face so red, no Sibyl's need, I ween,
By innuendoes, visitors to tell
That cider, whiskey, curaçoa 'd taste well
In draughts from flagon, cup, or copious basin,
If wide enough to dip his pimpled face in.
In wrath the owner dagger drew from girth
And felled the subtle wretch, appalled, to earth,

Impressing forcibly by way of apophthegm
The eighth commandment as he lay a top of him.
Fate's cruel scissors severed his life's thread—
With poignard stabbed, alas! the thief lay dead;
Outpoured his blood of rich carnelian hue,
Dyeing the earth where rose and lily grew.
No trace of chagrin portrayed in his face,
The conqueror, coolly, to its shagreen case
Restored his blade—then mounting his old steed
Sped o'er the lea rejoicing in his deed.
Failing to write correctly all this doggerel,
I fear 'twill for your tutors augur ill.

FAREWELL.





Blanche.

On receiving a birth-day present of a cup (with moustache guard), figured with a large strawberry, from my young friend Blanche, *alias* Blankets. *March, 1869.*



DEAR and kindest, woolliest *Blankets*,

Tell me how I can you thank ?—it's

Really very kind to send

A loving cup to your old friend :

And such a cup ! good gracious me !

I've strawberries and cream to tea

All the year round—no matter whether

Winter or Summer be the weather :

Besides, no more your friend you'll catch

Dipping and dripping his moustache,

For what at first appeared a puzzle
Turns out to be a sort of muzzle.
You've sent it on a bleak March day,
But I'm a child of sunny May :
No matter—when my cup I see,
How can I think of aught but—*tea*.
Now, *te* in Latin's rendered *thee*,
And *thé* in French, you know, is *tea*,
So what can a poor fellow *dee*,
But sip his cup, and think on THEE.





The following Songs, &c., with slight variations, were published
in the "Newcastle Fishers' Garlands. 1864."

The Angler's Toast.

TUNE—"The general toast."



RINK, my boys, drink to the sports o' the field,
Drink to the Gad, Gun, and Stable;
Each to it's devotee pleasure does yield,
Not the least the glad "*meet*" round the table.

Let each drink his glass
To his favourite Lass,
I hope eighty lang years they thegither may pass.

How joyous to Hunters the sound o' the horn ;
To the Lads o' the Trigger the whirrin'
O' pheasant frae thicket, or paitrick frae corn ;
To the Fisher his braw brass wheel birrin' !
Chorus again,
We agree i' the main,
Sae rattle the rafters till a' ring again.

Ilk brither's accorded his favour'd pursuit ;
Success to his *honest* endeavour,
Be't hunting, or shooting, or heuking a trout,
The sports of auld England for ever !
For *Nimrod*, hurrah !
Ramrod an' a' !
Langrod an' red heckle can fettle them a'.

Tally ho ! then, Old Towler, see how Reynard flies,
To ho ! Ponto—down charge—be steady !
“*I have him,*” quoth *Langrod*—and Troutie sure dies,
Our watchword in every sport 's—ready.
Your glasses then fill,
And bumpers we'll swill ;
Let each follow his bent wi' a hearty good will.

Coquet-side's been the scene of our aft joyous meet ;
Time ne'er can it's memories sever,
Frae *Warkworth* to *Barraburn's* lanely retreat,
The Coquet for aye an' for ever !

Weldon's auld Ha !

Felton an' a,

Rothbury, Hepple, an' bonnie *Woodha'*.

May our hearts be o' happiness full as our creels,
As our journey through life it will sweeten,
Ane toast 'fore we part—fill a bumper—nae *heels*,
And—here's to “our next merrie meetin'.”

Chorus again—

We agree i' the main,

An'—now it is time we were “toddlin' hame.”





Matin Song.

TUNE—"Pack, clouds, away."



RISE! love, rise!
Ope thy sweet eyes
And hear a constant Lover;
How fair thou art
Let this poor heart
To thy chaste breast discover.

The Sun is up;
Each flow'ret's cup
With dew is overflowing;
The sportive Lambs
Play by their dams,
And Kye in meadows lowing.

The tinkling rills
Thro' heath-clad hills
Their way to Ocean burrow;

Matin Song.

Birds on each spray
Bid welcome day,
And hail this sweet May morrow.

The Summer Sun
Earth's love has won
Thus early this fair morning,
Why should my Fair,
Gay, debonair,
Lie Somnus' bow'rs adorning ?

Sweet Sweeting, wake,
That joy partake
All Nature else enchanting ;
The cooing dove
Now greets his Love,
And mine alone is wanting.



In Memoriam.

Azooa Watson.



LEST be thy memory, Father of Anglers,

Ne'er shall it perish whilst we can throw line ;

Aloof from our ranks keep all scoffers and wranglers,

May no worthless pilgrim e'er sully thy shrine.

Green grow the grass o'er thy last silent resting-place,

Peace to thy ashes—we honour thy name ;

Long since thou'st reachèd the good Christian's trysting-place,

Here thou'st a niche in the Temple of Fame.





Coquet-side.

TUNE—"The Howes o' Glenorchie."



HE Sun's gowden orb now dispels morning mists,
And gaily the laverock lilts i' the sky ;
The crood o' the cushats the chorus assists,
Whilst the bees frae the brume to wild heather-bells fly ;
The throstle now whustles frae bonnie birk-tree,
And dew-beads are drappin' frae ilka green bush,
The vi'lets and gowans that sprent every brae
Wi' perfumes the sweet Simmer morn's air suffuse.

The wee lammies sport by the side o' the yowes,
And o'er the lush meadows the croonin' kye stray,
Bright Phœbus wi' gowd paints the braes, fells, and knowes,
And sweet blushing briar-buds welcome the day ;
The wastlin' wind soughs through the saft waving corn,
And draps frae the hedges the wat blobs o' dew,
Where e'er turns the Angler, sweet flow'rets adorn
His path—ilka steps rural pleasures accrue.

The clear, wimplin' burnie rows on its fair course

“ Enchanting his soul wi' its sweet melodie ;”

On ilka side Nature wi' him holds discourse,

And frae a' warldly cares feels his conscience is free ;

The fox-gloves and gowden whuns bow to the breeze,

And wild roses wantonly try to ensnare

Wi' their sweet-scented May-buds th' wandering bees,

And hawthorn's snaw-blossoms perfume the sweet air.

The twittering ouzel frae stane to stane flits,

Wi' his dusky gray jacket and snawy white throat ;

The hern-seugh his eyrie for scaly fry quits,

And ilk feather'd chorister tunes up his note ;

What joys, then, around us on ilka side seen,

And wha wadna' follow this charming pursuit ;

He that cares na to worship auld Nature's fair Queen

May aye be weel pleased wi' a creelfu' o' trout.



An Angler's Reverie.

AIR—"Come live with me, &c."



OW pleasante on a sweet Spring morne,
When dew drops linger on the thorne,
When primrose banks, and honied bowers,
Are kiss'd by sweetest April showers.

Through flow'ry meades to wende our way,
When sunrise welcomes the sweete daie,
At chrystal brooks our thirste t' assuage,
And worship GOD through Nature's page.

With angle rod and lightsome hearte,
Our conscience cleare, we gay departe,
To pebbly brooks and purling streams;
No canker'd care disturbs our dreames.

Oh! surely virtuous must be
That crafte, where Nature mirrors THEE ;
On every side we see THY power,
From craggy rocke to simple flower.

Whilst under shady sycamore,
Regardless of each fleeting houre,
Some deare friend's converse we enjoy,
Our earthlie bliss has no alloye.

From Summer sun's oppressive heate,
From worldlie cares a short retreat,
Indulging freely in vain dreames,
Of Halcyon daies by murm'ring streams





Of Fysshynge wyth an Angle. 1496.



If Hontynge/Hawkynges/Fowlynges/Fysshynge/
 Eche maye ben goode offe ittes sorte/
 Butte the latterre onlje wysshynge/
 We eschewe alle otherre spoorte.

For Honterres wolle the houndes styll folowe/
 Whych laborpous is to us/
 Blysterred lypes wythe Bugel holowe/
 Ful sore swettynges in a fusse.

Hawkyng semyth noyous to us/

Game and dysporte often goon/

Whystyll ofte/ styll hawkes eschewe us/

Tyll wythe thirste we are ryghte doon.

Foulyng semyth me mooste sympyl/

Greuous thoghe/ inne weder colde/

Wythe stanche doublette and close wympyll

Spedyth foorth the Foulere bolde.

None offe theyme a merrie spyryte/

Atte oure dyspoortes maye incurre/

Thoghe eche luste maie have a meritte/

Angle fysshynge we preferre.

Otherre fysshynge wete and greuous/

Cause offe grete infyrmytees/

Fullle wete and colde is apte to leve us/

Butte hoke ande lyne by thysse canne lese.

78 Of Fysshynge wyth an Angle.

Swetestest saboure offe mede floures/
Holsom walke onne Sommeres morne/
Melodypous fowles grete erly houres/
Sweterre farre than Honterres horne.

Trulie/ to my beste dyscrecyon/
Fysshynge clene alle dyspoortes lyckes
Since the yere o' thyncarnacyon.
(CIJ.CCCC.L.XXXX.VI.)





“Happy Friendship.”

TUNE—“Happy Friendship.”



RIEN'S, we've fish'd a' day thegither,
Where's three better-hearted chieles?
Some like streams, and some the heather,
Sport to a', we've filled our creels.

Envy's na found at our table,
Joyous we thegither clan,
Drink the Gad, the Gun, the Stable:
Let each brither be a *man*.

See us smiling a' guid nature,
Canker'd care's no us amang,
Joy depicted on each feature,
Still mair happy by this sang.

Now we'll sing the Hunter's pleasure,
Now we'll toast the Dog and Gun,
Each his fav'rite sport may treasure,
Luck to a',—our day's work's done.

May Nimrods aye find foxes plenty,
And ha'e mony a pleasant run ;
Muir-fowl, may the dogs aft scent ye :
Sport for man wi' dog and gun.

Why should envious feelings haunt us ?
Adverse pleasures a' agree ;
What care we gin Toonsmen taunt us ?
Kintra sports are fair and free.

Though we care na hounds to follow,
Muircocks care we na to spring ;
Yet we haud him a guid fellow
That can cheerie a' sports sing.

Noo, frien's, join we a' in Chorus,
Let a' sportsmen brithers be ;
Meikle sport we hope's afore us,
Be't what may we'll aye agree.

Chorus—Frien's, &c.





The Conqueror Worm.



YE may sing o' red heckles an' May-flees forby,
Your lang casts and fine, i' the spring ;
But a bonnie red worm, i' bright June let me try,
And to bank fast the trouties I'll bring.

*Then here's to the blue-head and bonnie red worm,
Not forgetting the mennum sae bright ;
Tak' the twa i' their turn, wi' fine tackle an' firm,
I'll count the flee-fisher at nicht.*

I care na to ha'e owre limmer a gad,
I care na to ha'e meikle line,
Yet still to my creel weight and number I'll add,
Though I fling but ane out at a time.

A fifteen-fit rod, stiff out till the top joint.

Is the weapon I fainest wad yield ;

But aye mak' it fine as ye near the point,

And lightsome to hand in its build.

Awa' wi' your fishers doon stream wi' lang line,

When the streamlets are drumlie an' drear ;

An Angler's skill 's shown when the water is fine,

In sweet June, when she's glassy and clear.

Up! up! wi' the worm, ahint stanes, under braes,

Wi' little mair line than your gad,

And the trouties 'll find that their deadliest faes

Are na May-flees, red heckles, or cad.

The flee 's aft been sung, an' its virtues extoll'd,

For filling a creel wi' sma' fry ;

But after this sang, gentle fisher, mak' bold

The red-worm in Simmer to try.

We've emptied our flasks tho' we've aye fill'd our creels,
And now for a nicht's sweet repose ;
Up early the morning, and at them like de'ils,
For to-morrow our campaign must close.

We've sung a good song, and imbibed *quantum suff.*,
And empty the bottle o' wine is ;
'Tis as guid as a feast, the auld saw says, enough ;
Sae now, Brither Fishermen—

FINIS.





M. & M. W. LAMBERT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



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